

Loyal GARLAND

Of MIRTH and Pastime.
Set forth in sundry Pleasant
NEW SONGS;

The Loyal Health.

44.

An excellent New Song of Advice to Bar
to refrain the society of wanton *Ladys*.

A New Song of the *Welshmans* mistertune
ing his Land and travelling up to *London*,
the Philosophers Stone.

A Song of the Bride and Bridegroom.

A Pleasant New Play-House Song.

very Pleasant and Delightful to Read. By S. M.

It is likewise added a Coppy of Excellent

Bell-Mans Verses.



by J. M. for I. Deacon, at the Sign of the Angel in
Saint-Spur-Street, without Newgate 1683.

Loyal Garland OF Mirth and Pastime.

An Excellent New SONG of the Loyal Hearts
dedicated to the Royal Train.

The Tune is, The Cannons Rore.

L Et true hearts rejoyce amain,
Fill a flowing Bowl again,
Drink to all the Royal Train,
Great JAMES, also QUEEN MARY
He's a Whigg that spares his Coin,
And will not in love combine,
To drink a swimming Glass of wine,
to make him brisk and airy.

All the Whiggs are Loyal now,
To the Scepter they will bow,
Solemnly they Swear and Vow,
that Tony did deceive them,
By his cunning plotting pate,
Undermining Church and State,
Then beholding their sad fate,
he in the Lurch did leave them.

Telling

A Loyal Orlando

them he knew right well,
Dark and Magick Spell;
was for to Rebell,
break in open Riot;
king all suspicious Fears;
his Crocodilish Tears,
which has paid them their Arrears,
now they're all at quiet.

Advice for Batchelors,

refrain the Society of Wanton Ladies of
Pleasure.

likewise to seek a Kind and Vertuous Wife,
bringing th joy and comfort to thy Life.

ART To the Tune of, *The Daubing Virgin.*

Ladies of a wanton Carriage,
they will seldom constant be,
not the bonds of Marriage,
they will have their Liberty;
their Courting, and their sporting,
that fond Love will soon decay,
they are ranging, often changing;
at every moment when they may.

Do not trust her with thy treasure,
that hath wanton rouling Eyes,
addicted so to pleasure,
she never keeps the Prize:

105 of Birth and Pastime.

Often toying and enjoying,
fond Embraces, when she sees,
You are missing. she'll be Kissing,
those that can her better please.

Never set your heart on Beauty,
chuse for one discreet and wise,
Then it will appear your duty,
for to love her, and will prize
Such a Blessing, when possessing,
seeing they are hard to find,
They all her days, will speak her praise,
that hath a vertuous courteous mind.

Misses they are often tainted,
when the *French-man* them assail,
Though they're powder'd, patcht, and painted,
yet be cautious of their tail:
Least they fire your desire,
with the *Covent Garden* Gout,
Besides your pelf, she'll get by stealth,
they have ways to find it out.

He that Courteth ev'ry stranger,
many times is hard put to't,
Then if thou'l't avoid the danger,
take a Wife of good repute:
One that's smiling, ne'r reviling,
she that knows not how to Scold,

A Loyal Garland

A Creature, none more sweeter,
is worth her weight in Gold.

your pleasures will be flowing,
those sweet and fragrant Flowers,
in time of Spring are growing,
water'd by those pleasant showers:
you'll nourish Love, and cherish,
ways perfectly agree,
gracing, and Embracing,
in Love and Unity.

*THE S O N G of the Welsh-mans misfortune,
that Sold his Land to travel up to London,
to seek the Philosophers Stone.
To the Tune of, The Crafty Miss.*

Young Shonny a Morgan of late,
he rode up to London fair Town,
Wales her had sold her Estate,
for Forty-five Pounds and a Crown;
He strait up to London her Sails,
and walking and musing alone,
remember'd her father in Wales
of the Philosophers Stone.

Shonny resolving to find it,
makes no more stop nor delay,

of Mirth and Pastime,

Her Pocket with Silver was loyned,
and thus her went strutting away,

Her cast away all melancholly,
for Shonny was surely high flown,
Resolv'd to be merry and jolly,
when her finds the Philosophers Stone,

Her faster and stouter did go,
undaunted, couragious and bold,
If that her can find it Kusso,
her will turn all her Silver to Gold;
While Shonny his fancies was feeding,
a Ruffin met her all alone,
And quickly did stop her proceeding,
to find the Philosophers Stone.

The Thief gave the word of Command,
fir stand, and deliver your Purse;
Poor Shonny did trembling stand,
O this now was worse and worse:
Her was forc'd to obey her Command,
thongh Shonny made pittiful moan,
Her wiilt her had ne'r sold her Land,
for to seek the Philosophers Stone.

The Thief rode away, and did leave her,
her looked like Death in the face,
The thoughts of her money did grieve her,
O this was a pittiful case;

A Loyal Garland

now the poor *Welshman* was undone,
er sighs and makes pittiful moan,
d will no more come up to London,
o seek the Philosophers Stone.

Song of the BRIDE and BRIDEGROOM

to the Bride-groom, fill the Skies,
With pleasing sounds of welcome joys;
to the Bride, a lasting bliss,
every day may prove like this,
that enjoy the Beautious fair,
true to Love, and eke take care;
that which plagues a Woman most
when her Expectations crost.

er was Marriage joys divine,
when two does in one combine;
that proves false, himself does cheat,
e sick that taste, but cannot eat.

at is a Maiden-head? O what?
which weak fools so often prate?
tis a Virgins pride and boast,
ne'r was found but when 'twas lost.

A S O N G.

O Be kind, my Dear be kind,
Whilst our Loves and we be young,
kind, my Dear be kind,
Whilst our Loves and we be young,
shall find, we shall find,
will change the Face and mind,

1054 of youth and beauty,
Both will not continue long.

O be kind, my Dear be kind;
Both will not continue long.

O be kind, my Dear be kind,
Both will not continue long.

O be kind, my Dear be kind.

Woman. O I Love and fear to loose you,
Therefore tis I must refuse you;
When I have yielded you my Crown,
You'l not more obedience own:
O I Love, and fear to love yen,
Therefore tis I must refuse you.

Man. The fair by kindness regains,
by Cruelty destroy,
If you can charm with the pangs
of Love, then what can you do,
Can you do with the joy,
the Fair by kindness Reigns,
By Cruelty destroy,

Woman. I fear to yield, but cannot deny,

Man. If you do, then I shall dye,

Woman. So shall I, so shall I.

Man. Then come to joy, come to joy, come to joy,
Better Love then we should dys,
Better love, better love, then we should dye;
Come to joy, come to joy, come to joy,
Better Love then we should dye,
Joy come to joy, come to joy, come joy,
Come to joy, come to joy.

1603
Loyal Garland

Here is Copies of

Bell-Man's Verses.

First, Upon the death of His Majesties Long
and happy Reign.

He Lord preserve the King, and all his train
And send him still a long and happy Reign;
That he may still defend Both Church and State,
And make our King as good as he is Great;
From thy Faith he never may depart,
Be like David, after thine own heart
When this present life he doth lay down,
May be chang'd for an Immortal Crown.

On Saint Michael

Saint Michael and his Angels did withstand
The fearful Dragon, with a mighty Hand;
The Dragon and his Angels them assail,
They had never power to prevail;
Out of Heaven he was clearly thrown,
Being there again was never known:
Men be wise, and all Temptations shun,
Praise the Lord for his beloved Son.

The Summers smiles has bid us all adieu,
I am come the while to visit you,
In Lines in Verse my Masters I will greet,
With my Staff and Bell will walk the street,
And

1056 of Mirth and Pastime.

And call upon you all to Watch and Pray,
And tell you how your time doth pass away :
O serve the Lord with reverence and fear,
For we have not a biding City here.

On Saint *Luke*.

Saint *Luke*, that faithful Servant of the Lord
That writ our blessed Saviours Sacred word
That men thereby might know his Holy Will
And then comply, his Laws for to fulfill :
Then let us all before our days are spent,
Both great and small, now labour to Repent,
Then when we shall resign our mumuring breath
We may with smiles, embrace the thoughts of Death.

On *All-Saints*.

ALL blessed Saints are free from grief & pain
With glorious Angels they shall live & reign
In perfect Peace, and true Felicity,
They all enjoy to all Eternity :
Then let us strive to live so Circumspect,
That we, with them, may make up Gods Elect.

On *CRISPIN*.

LEt Princely *Crispin* never be forgot,
Keep still this day, tho' he himself is not ;
Let Gentle-Crafts-Men never be dismay'd,
Remember *Crispin* once was of our Trade,
And all that unto *Crispin* bears Good-will,
Drink *Crispin's* Health, but look you do not spill
And in your Mirth pray lovingly agree,
And have a care of Drunken *Barnaby*.

Now New Year has Past you drink
To A.

1057
A Loyal Garland

In a Dark Night.

The Moon and Stars are in Obscurity,
The Night's so dark, my hand I cannot see;
Light gives Comfort when it doth appear,
Darkness fills the heart with dread and fear;
Let us pray to God most fervently,
Give us Light to all Eternity.

My Masters all, you well do know,
I am abroad in Frost and Snow;
Many a bitter Storm endure,
Yet to keep you all secure:
Of Storms of Wind, or Hail and Rain,
I will not refrain;
When *Christ* comes I hope to see
Love and Liberality.

On Gun-Powder Treason.

My Masters all, awake from sleep, I pray,
And think upon the mercies of this day,
Our Prince, and all the Pillars of the Land,
On the very brink of Ruine stand:
House of Lords, and Commons eke also,
All had perisht in that fatal blow,
Had not the Lord himself stept in between,
That a dismal slaughter had it been:
God is good and merciful always,
Let us now sound forth his worthy praise.

On

123 of Birth and Pastime.

On Saint *Andrew*.

Saint *Andrew* he was called of the Lord,
And readily he did obey his Word;
He clos'd with Christ, and did in him abide,
Took up the Cross, and on the Cross he dy'd:
The hope of Glory did support his mind,
He in the Lord did Consolation find;
And now he is in everlasting rest,
With Christ, and Glorious Angels, he is blest.

On Saint *Thomas*.

When Christ was risen from the Dead,
and came to his Disciples view;
Then *Thomas* weak of Faith, he sed,
he'd not believe that it was true,
While he had felt his hands and side,
where Christ for all our sins did bleed,
And then the Truth was verifi'd,
and *Thomas* did believe indeed:
But let us beg for sounder Faith,
and cleanse our hearts from sin so foul;
Then Christ indeed, will interceed
for every poor Immortal Soul.

On *Christmas*.

This blessed day let all the world rejoyce,
with thankful hearts, & with an humble voice
This day was born the Lord of life, & then (tho)
He brought Salvation to the Sons of men:
Get faith in Christ whilst thou hast time & space
Why should poor sinners slight the means of grace

A Loyal Garland

1654

Holy here, and all Temptations shun,
Praise the Lord for his beloved Son.

On Saint Stephen.

Saint Stephen was a Martyr meek and mild,
When he was stoned, yet he ne'r revil'd;
Although they Martyr'd him with one accord,
Kneeld down and prayed to the Lord,
That he would not impute it to their charge,
Till his death his love did so enlarge:
Would we but strive each other to forgive,
What a blessed state would Christians live.

On Saint John.

Beloved John did lean on Christ his breast,
And was with Glorious Revelation blest;
Let him see and know, and understand,
What he would do by his Almighty hand:
That hath foretold such strange and mighty things,
That Majesty, the King of Kings:
Men consider well, yea, Watch and Pray,
Think upon the latter Judgement-day.

On Innocents.

When as King Herod he had heard the News
The Child was born that should be King of
The Wise-men strictly did enquire, (Jews
When as his Star did first to them appear?
He, go find the Child, then let me know,
That I my self may Worship him also.
God that knew his heart, did him prevent,
To flee with the Child to Egypt went.

The

1063 of Birth and Pastime.

The Wise-men they went home another way,
And *Herods* wrath did many Infants slay.

Young Maidens that would faine good Husbands
Be not too froward, no, nor yet too kind;
Be wise and chaste, and keep your Scatchen
Let Vertue be the Helm by which you steer.
And though at present you may lye alone,
In time you may have Husbands every one.

The Frost methinks, doth catch me by the nose
In spight of Socks and Shooes, my heels & toes,
It freezeth hard, the Moon it shineth clear,
This Frost will hold a while, indeed I fear,
Lye close I say, and keep each other warm,
I hope you are all safe and from free harm.

Let men rejoyce with heart and voice,
what cause hath Subjects to complain?
Let love encrease, for we have Peace,
while mighty *Janes* our King doth Reign!
Let love and Loyalty encrease,
that thorow *Europe* it may ring,
That *England* doth enjoy her Peace,
under a mighty potent King.

On *New-Years Day*.
GOd send my Masters all a happy Year,
In Peace, and also plenty of good chear;
And send you many a happy day to see,
In health and strength, in life and liberty.

This

At Loyal Barlams 1641

New-years day except of my good-will,
Humble Servant, and poor Bell-man still.

On Twelfth-day.

This is a day throughout the Land & Nation,
Of Pleasure, Pastime, and of Recreation:
As King and Queen, this is the sport,
There will be many Kings, but they will keep no
Mirth & joak, & tell a merry tale, (Court
Crown their heads with nappy *Christmas Ale*

On Saint Paul.

That *Paul* with Letters to *Damascus* sent,
Our blessed Saviour did him prevent;
Turn'd his heart, a Glorious Reformation;
In his troubles gave him Consolation;
As a chosen Vessel of the Lord,
Crown of Glory, this was his Reward.

On the Martyrdom of King Charles the First, of Blessed Memory.

That *Charles* the 1st. that once was *England's*
Whose pious life did make the nation ring (King
That cruel Faction did create a strife,
Put a period to his Princely life;
Which we now in sorrow do relate,
For a Judgement for that cruel fate.

All

of Birth and Passion.

All hail / all you that sleep and rest,
Awake from sleep, and sin detest;
And think upon the day of Doom,
When Jesus Christ himself shall come
To Judge the World, he hath decreed;
For every thought, word, work, and deed.

On the Purification of the Virgin Mary

When Marys Purifying days were past,
She then did bring her blessed Son
Unto Ierusalem with one accord,

There to present her first-born to the Lord,
And thus should we observe that rule alway,
To give the Lord the first Fruits of our day,
All in the flower of our Youthful Spring,
Present our hearts to God our Heavenly King.

AN T S

Entered according to Act.